



The Soldiers delight, Or the she Voluntier,

Being a True and Faithful Narrative of a certain Young Lover, who Courting a scornful Mistress, went discontented into the Army, and she repenting of her unkindness, to recompence the Soldiers affection disguised her sex and Listed her self Voluntier.

Tune of *Amoret and Phillis,*

With Allowance.



A young man lately lov'd a Lass
of beauty so renown'd
That she her selfes glo'ry was
and all their virtues crown'd.
The grace & envy of the Plains
she singly did comprize
Still he address'd, still she disdain'd
And thus distress he cries,
And thus distress he cries.

He powers above if such there be
what anger rules her breast
She treats me so disdainfully
with sorrows so oppress,
My bleeding heart requires relief
but when I urge my suit
And speak the language of my grief
Alas! why stands she mute,
Alas! &c.

He nere said she be so unkind
at least I'll speak to thee

But pittie thee that thou thy mind
hast so confin'd to me.
And know fond Swain who ere thou art
my Love thou canst not fear
Take wholesome counsel in good part
Learn early to despair,
Learn &c.

The scornful answer she return'd
he highly did resent
He with another passion burn'd
and did of Love repent.
Yet indignation never cou'd
Love totally controul
But still affection still renew'd
And still torments his soul
And still, &c.

Then since said he my griefs are so
I linger life in vain
My death shall put an end to woe
least life prolong my pain.

ier,
lover,
rmy,
ffici-
ce.
To follow fate far nobler 'tis
in going to the war
Than courting a disdainful Misse
To languish in despair.
To &c.

He thus his resolution spake
and banisht quite his fear
And for his King & Countries sake
he went a Voluntiere.
Quoth he my cruel fair adieu
to live by killing French
Is nobler fortune of the two
than court a scornful wench.
than &c.
And as for Flanders he design'd
it griev'd the tender maid
That she a Love so fair and kind
with hatred had repaid.
She curst her tongue that first deny'd
she curst her cruel Eyes
Repent'd that she not comply'd
and so repenting cries
and so, &c.

Return she said and pitty take
on her that mourns for thee
Think on thy self when for my sake
thou wast in misery.
As thou desiredst when in grief
to have thy grief remov'd
O send O send me some relief
and let me be belov'd,
and &c.

A Soldier girt in Wandell's
cladcap a pe in red
That grieves a tender Virgin fears
deserves to lose his head,
It shan't be said among the French
an Englishman at home,
Was in his Armory by a wench
with kindness overcome
with kindness &c.

But when the Soldier had return'd
this answer to the maid
Her kindnesse more vehement burn'd
her soul was more dismay'd.
Diseases desperate must be cur'd
by remedies as bad

Or else the pangs must be endured,
when no cure can be had
when no cure can be had.

Now her invention goes to wrack
and all her arts conspire
To call her winding Lover back
or kindle his desire.
But hopeles to obtain the first
her protest their despairs
Resolves to venture on the first
and follow to the wars
and follow, &c.

She speedily was manly kigg'd
quite from the skin to shirt
made of her hair a Perriwig
& of her smock a shirt.
Instead of Quiff a hat she sought,
for gown a doublet spoke
For Bodies she a waistcoat bought
for Petticoats a Cloke
for &c.

Her tender feet wore clouted shoes
her Circle was a Belt
Instead of Spits a Sword she chose
Instead of towne a felt.
And thus being dress'd from top to toe
she valiantly did come
Along with Soldier to the foe
upon the beat of Drum
upon the, &c.

And now she is to Flanders gone
with her beloved mate
So great was her affection
to run so hard a fate.
You damfels all take rule by her
at first be not too coy
Least through disdain to the war
your Lovers run away
you, &c.

You youngmen all take rule by this
if maidens dare do so
You shou'd much more neglect your Mifs
to fight a foreign foe.
For if you fight not whilst you can
It will be poorly said
That the Courageous Englishman
was vanquish'd by a maid,